

if you'll have me by krelboyne

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Summary:

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if you'll have me

Author's Note:

Day 3. Spring Break.

'You all packed up?'

Steve's still slumped against the headboard, comfortable in the covers that smell like Billy, smell like *them*, and he's smoking, and it's all part of their usual routine. Just another hook-up with Billy Hargrove because that's what college is all about, right? Hooking up and falling behind in class because time spent on your back is time well spent - right? It's how Steve's been spending his last two and a half months at college, anyway, and. He isn't even regretting it. He'll take those sleepless nights and those *this-is-your-final-warning's*, because, *fuck*, he finally has Hargrove's attention. He's only been trying the second they'd met at some booze-up being held in Billy's dorm back in the Fall.

It was hard fucking work - Billy made sure of that - but Steve finally got him into bed. Or, rather, he finally got into *Billy's* bed, because Billy has never even stepped foot inside of Steve's room. Just another task, another challenge, for Steve to tackle, apparently.

'Nah.' Billy's reply is short and sweet. Usually is. They don't spend their time together *talking*.

'Oh. Thought you might be leaving tomorrow. Most people are. I think everyone wants to get home for the weekend. Parties and shit, y'know?'

Billy doesn't really have anything to say to that. He's too busy sliding back into his shirt; too busy slipping into boots that are just the right size to kick Steve's ass out of his room.

But Steve hasn't finished his cigarette, yet. Is actually naked, still, beneath Hargrove's duvet, so. He thinks there might be time to try again. To make some desperate attempt at a conversation he's only half interested in, anyway. Steve exhales a stream of smoke and it

disperses around his next words. 'So, hanging back a few days or something?' His mouth is already quirked into some all-knowing smirk, like he has Billy pegged. 'Lemme guess. Missed a deadline? Still in the middle of an assignment?'

As though Steve can talk.

'Hey, asshole, I actually *do* my work. What the hell do you do around here, anyway?'

Steve thinks, *I wait around for you and open my legs when you're in the mood for it, and you're the asshole*, but he doesn't say any of that. He just shrugs - not that Billy's even looking at him to see it.

Billy's still talking, regardless, and that's - that's *good*. It's more than their usual verbal interactions, which is mostly just filth, when they're filling each other up, working themselves to the edge. Steve only gets dirty talk or fighting words from Hargrove, but now his voice is neutral, level, and he's saying, 'I'm not going home.'

'What?' Steve nearly chokes on his cigarette which is equal parts laughable and pathetic, considering he'd had Hargrove fucking the back of his throat some twenty minutes ago and had taken it like a champ.

'I'm staying here,' Billy dryly reiterates and Steve suddenly feels like throwing his own clothes on. Knows his exit is overdue.

'You're spending spring break on campus?' He laughs, because there's nothing else to do. 'Who does that?'

'I do, apparently.'

'Well. Why?'

'Didn't realise I gotta run my plans by you first, Harrington.'

Steve nearly chokes again but, quietly this time. His cigarette tastes more and more stale with every second he stays in Billy's room unwelcome, so he figures his best bet is to just crush it out in the ashtray on the night-stand. If he can't taste it, he might be able to forget that Billy wants him gone. Somehow, Steve manages to scoff,

and it sounds genuine enough. 'Don't expect you to run anything by anybody, ever.' And, because it's a little petty - a little exposing - Steve goes on. 'Just wondering why the hell you'd wanna stay here. Figured you'd wanna head home and have fun, like literally every other person in this college.'

Billy rolls his eyes and Steve adds, 'Well, most people are going. You know what I mean.'

'Yeah, well. I won't be missing out on much.'

And, that's the last thing Billy says before he's snatching up Steve's clothes from the floor and dropping them on his bed. *On Steve.*

Steve gets the message.

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His bags are packed and, it's stupid. Really fucking stupid. Because they've only been screwing around for two and a half months - not that he's *counting* - but there's still some lingering regret at leaving Billy behind. In Steve's mind, Billy had been ready to head home like everybody else, which meant that they wouldn't even see each other, anyway. Wouldn't be able to fuck until break's over and they're back on campus. It's very likely that Billy couldn't care less and, honestly, Steve doesn't care either. Not really. He can live without Hargrove and his stupid cock for a week or two. It's all fine. But.

Now that Steve knows that Billy's *staying*.

He can't help but feel like.

Maybe he's missing out.

Because there's nothing much going on at home, anyway. He'll be bored out of his goddamn mind after the first couple of days, anyway.

It's really fucking stupid, and Steve has spent money so that he can travel *home*.

But.

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Billy leaves him waiting and Steve thinks, *dickhead*. Thinks he's gone home, after all. Must've been some sarcastic joke that Steve had been too slow to catch, or something. Thinks he's wasted his goddamn money by not going through with his plans; not travelling home, just so he can hang around in Hargrove's dorm, uninvited, unwanted. It's a stupid idea, and Steve knows it. Already knew it, when he was trudging all the way over to Billy's room, expecting to find him actually *in* it.

He's sloping away, feeling like an idiot, trying to plan his next fucking move, when the door opens behind him.

'Harrington? The fuck are you doing here?'

Steve's almost too relieved to give Billy shit for keeping him waiting. Almost.

'Fucking finally. I thought you'd left after all.' So much for keeping it cool and casual, but, he can't feel too bad about how unguarded his tone is - not when Billy's standing there, mouth slack with surprise like he's staring at a ghost, and not just *Steve* in his sweats and a creased shirt. His mom would have a fit.

And then another, if she discovered that her only son spent more time on his knees than behind his desk, studying something far more exciting than the papers he brought out of class with him.

'Still here.' Billy says, as though Steve can't see that. Then, 'Why are you still here? Thought you were leaving this evening.'

'Yeah. Should've left an hour ago.'

He thinks it might speak for itself. Thinks that, showing up here might provide Hargrove with everything he needs to know, but. Billy's just staring at him, one brow cocked like he's waiting for something.

Steve lets him have it.

'Figured I'd stay too.'

'Oh, yeah?' Billy doesn't look convinced. Looks *suspicious*, actually, all narrow-eyed and thin-lipped. 'Good for you.'

And the asshole actually has the gall to start closing the door while Steve is standing there.

It just happens. Steve's arm swings out and he's blocking Billy from blocking him out. It's. Firm. Almost *entitled*, and Steve nearly winces at that, because he has no right, really. No right to want Billy to be *glad* that he's staying. Glad for the company. Steve's company. And, Billy's watching him, eyes not so narrow now, but a little wider. He's silent, but Steve can see that look on his face. Knows that Billy's frown is asking, *the fuck are you doing?*

'I figured I'd stay,' Steve repeats. '*With* you.'

Billy's face is a picture, and Steve sort of wishes he could frame it. Look back at it in a couple of hours, days, weeks. Show it to Hargrove, too, and say, *there*. *See that look?*

Because he's Billy cool-as-fuck Hargrove, and he isn't *easily affected*. Doesn't care too deeply about things, like staying in an empty dorm all spring break, or. The people he hooks up with.

But Billy's expression shifts into something disbelieving. Something distrusting, and - something *else* that Steve can't really put into words. Only knows that he'd quite like to look at it for a long, long time. Longer than Billy gifts him, because his face changes again and it's neutral now. A blank slate that Steve really, really wants to scribble on.

Before Billy can say anything, Steve adds, 'If you'll have me.' Clears his throat, because that sounds lame. 'Unless you have something better to do. I mean, I'm staying. You're staying. Might as well suffer together.'

Billy studies him for an unnervingly long stretch of time, before his shoulders slump and his frown softens. 'Come in, then. If you want.'

He turns away, disappears inside his bedroom and Steve's left facing the open door. It's not quite the outcome he'd been hoping for, but

there was never really anything realistic about Billy picking him up and swinging him around, everything sunshine and rainbows, because they have time alone. Like, actual *time*. To screw, and. Maybe other things, too.

It still feels like an accomplishment.

Progress.

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Steve's on his back, and he likes this position, even if Billy snickers every time. Rolls his eyes and mouths, *vanilla*, like Steve could give a shit. But he likes it, because he likes watching Billy.

Likes the way sweat pools at his temples; the way his eyes squeeze shut when he pushes in and Steve clenches around him.

Likes draping his arms over Billy's shoulders and keeping him close.

Like the way they communicate with their eyes and their mouths. Billy's eyes sparkle and that means, *you feel good*. His eyes darken and that means, *bet you want it harder*. Billy's mouth quirks and Steve's mirrors it. Means, *I don't want this to end*.

It always does, though.

They're soon sat upright, backs against the headboard, a safe amount of space between their shoulders.

Except, tonight, they're sharing one of Steve's cigarettes and Billy's being generous. Is actually passing it back to Steve after taking a drag or two, and not hogging the whole damn thing. He's also more talkative than usual, because he's the one to break the silence.

'You stayed because of me?'

There's no dancing around it. Of course he did. 'Yep.' He twiddles the cigarette between his fingertips before passing it back to Billy and, sharing it sort of feels like they're kissing.

Billy takes the smoke. Sucks on the filter. His next words are

accompanied by grey fog. 'That's dumb.'

It cuts, a little. Because Steve doesn't really like that word and, sure, Billy didn't ask him to, but he *did* scrap his plans so he could stay *here*. He feels - deflated, suddenly. Can still feel Billy inside him like he never really left and, yet, he's deflated.

'I mean.' Billy's talking again and he's handing the cigarette over to Steve who takes it with numb fingers. 'You didn't have to do that. Change your plans. Miss out.'

'I'm not really missing out on anything.' It sounds like Billy's words from earlier, and it sounds too honest.

It's quiet again, with the exception of the hissing cigarette and slow breaths exhaling smoke. Steve feels bare. Like he's said too much. *Done* too much, by cancelling his plans and knocking on Billy's door. His mouth is dry, and the nicotine doesn't help, and he just, traces his tongue along his lower lip so his words stand a chance at coming out smoothly.

'Why are you staying? Really?' He shrugs his shoulders and they bump against the hardwood behind him. 'Just seems strange to me. Thought you'd love the chance to get away for a bit. Go to the *real* parties *back home* that you're always bragging about.'

It's Billy's turn to inhale nicotine. He takes a slow drag, like he's mulling over his answer, and Steve just waits patiently.

'My dad's a dick.'

Not. What Steve had been expecting. Not at all, actually.

He turns to Billy, is about to open his mouth around something that sounds like, *what does that even mean?*, but - Billy's face is a picture, for the second time tonight. Except, Steve doesn't want to frame this one and hang it up. He sort of just. Wants to set it on fire. Burn it. Watch it turn to ashes so then he can, maybe, sweep it under the rug and pretend he never saw it.

It feels like intruding. Like Billy doesn't know what face he's pulling, or like he has no control over it. Steve thinks it might be polite to

turn away, but he doesn't.

He leans in, until his shoulder bumps against Billy's, and he's still there. Still solid. He doesn't shoot out of the bed, doesn't tell Steve to *get fucked*. Billy stays there. Lets Steve stay there with him.

And he doesn't ask. Because Billy's face is practically *begging* Steve not to ask.

Still, it feels like progress. Those four words. *My dad's a dick*. Sounds a lot like trust.

Steve doesn't ask about Billy's dad.

He plucks the cigarette from between Billy's fingers, takes a final drag because it means touching his mouth against where Billy's has been, and he says, 'Now I have you alone, Hargrove. Movie night? Tomorrow?'

And. Billy isn't glaring at him. Progress. His mouth is curling, just slightly, at one side. Kinda looks like he's been waiting for it.

Steve smiles. Asks, 'My room?'